vtter thy Eloquence somewhere els.

Bian. Good Cousin
put vp your pipes, wee are not for your pallate,
alas we know who sent you.

Liuia A my faith.

Bian. Stay there, you must not thinke yor faith, or troth,
or by your maiden head, or such sunday oathes
sworne after euen song, can inueagle vs,
to loose our hand fast; did their wisedomes thinke
that sent you hether, we would be so foolish
to entertaine our gentle sister Sinon,
and giue her credit, while the woodden iade
Petruchio stole vpon vs; no good sister
goe home and tell the merie Greekes that sent you,
Ilium shall burze; and I, as did Eneas,
will on my backe spight off the Mirmidons
cary this warlicke Lady; and through seas
vnknowne, and vnbeleeu'd seeke out a land
where like a race of noble Amazons
weele roote our selues, and to our endlesse glory
liue and dispise base men.

Liuia Ile second ye.

Bian How long haue you been thus?

Liuia That's all one cousin
I stand for freedome now.

Bian. Take heed of lying,
for by this light, if we doe credit you
and find you tripping, his infliction
that kill'd the Prince of Orange will be sporte
to what wee purpose.

Liuia Let me feele the heauiest.

Maria

Mari. Sweare by thy sweet hart Rowland (for by your maiden head
I feare 'twill be to late to sweare) you meane
nothing but faire, and safe, and honorable,
to vs and to our cause.

Liuia I sweare

Bian. Stay yet
Sweare as you hate Moroso, that's the surest,
and as you haue a Christian feare to find him
worse then a poore dry'd Jack, full of more aches
then Autumne has; more knauerie, and vsury,
and foolery, and brokery then dogs-ditch,
as you doe constantly beleeue hee's nothing
but an old emptie bag, with a grey beard,
and that beard such a bobtayle, that it looks
worse then a maires tayle eaten with fillys,
as you acknowledge that young handsom wench
that lyes by such a bilboe blade, that bends
with euery passe he makes to'th hilts, most miserable,
a dry nurse to his coughes, a fewterer
to such a nastie fellow, a rob'd thing
of all delights youth lookes for, and to end
one cast away on course beefe, borne to brush
that euerlasting cassock, that has worne
as manie sruants out as the north east passage
hath consum'd saylors; if ye sweare this truly
without the reseruation of a gowne
or anie meritorious petticote
'tis like we shall beleeue you.

Lui. I doe sweare it.

Mar. Stay yet a little, came this holsome motion,
(speake truly Sister) from your owne opinion,

or some